

COTTAGE STORIES.

WITH ENGRAVINGS.



SALEM:

PUBLISHED BY IVES & JEWETT.

1837.



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Leonard Kimball
from his Aunt
Clarissa J. Kimball.

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WILLIAM IN THE GARDEN.

COTTAGE STORIES:

O R

HENRY ACTON'S MAXIMS TO HIS SON WILLIAM.



BEING A SEQUEL TO "WOODLAND COTTAGE."

WITH ENGRAVINGS.

SALEM:
PUBLISHED BY IVES & JEWETT.

1837.

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HOW TO GROW RICH, AND WISE, AND HAPPY.

O happiness ! our being's end and aim !
Good, pleasure, ease, content, whate'er thy name ;
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die. POPE.

I DARE say my son, that you wish to be rich, and wise, and happy. Most people wish the same thing ; but if when good advice is given, no attention is paid to it, how can any good effect follow ? A physician may write an excellent prescription ; but if, after all, it is never made up and taken, the patient can receive no benefit. Listen to me William, and I will tell

you how to be rich as a Jew, wise as Solon, and happy as a prince.

But, first, do we agree in our opinion about riches, wisdom, and happiness? for, perhaps, you have fallen into the common mistake that money is riches, that knowing a great deal is wisdom, and that happiness consists in large possessions and reputation. If you have done this, let me tell you that you are a great simpleton for your pains. You shall be rich, wise, and happy, if you will, in your own way, and that you may be so, I will give you the necessary instructions.

Most people think it hard to get riches, and hard it undoubtedly is if you go the wrong way to work. What would you think of me if, when I wanted to go to the east, I should turn round and go towards the west? When I was a boy, I stood under a tall tree, and looked up at a crow's nest; a country fellow came by at the time. "My

lad," said he, "if you want the eggs in that nest, I reckon that you must strip off your jacket, and climb for them, for it is ten to one against their coming down of their own accord." Off went my jacket, and up the tree went I, and in five minutes the eggs were in my hat-crown.

Now, riches are like the eggs in a crow's nest, not to be had without trouble; but if you will follow the simple rules which I shall lay down, you shall be rich whether you will or not. The rules, then, are these;—*Mind your business, put by one cent a day, and never borrow.*

I care not a fig what your business may be, whether you are a shoe-black, or a shopkeeper, or a merchant; for when a man gets on in the world, he may get into any business he pleases. Only *mind your business*, so sure as you do this, so sure shall you have a business to mind.

Put by one cent a day, and do not omit to do

this for a dollar. This is a great secret in the art of getting money. It will promote industry, prevent extravagance, and give you confidence in yourself. Depend upon it, that if you can steadily practice the putting by a cent a day, you will soon lay by two cents; and these two, like the one, will increase until your savings will surprise you. Little will get much, and much more, and a rich man you must be. But mind, *never borrow.*

If you borrow of an enemy, which, by-the-by, is not an easy thing to do, he will come upon you for it just when you are not prepared to meet his demand. If you borrow of a friend, he will require a dollar's worth of acknowledgements and friendly acts for every cent he lends you. No, no, let nothing tempt you to borrow, and then you will find people almost ready to put their money into your pockets. If you bor-

row, you depend on others ; if you do not, you have to depend on yourself ; and rely upon it, that if you cannot serve yourself, you can never be served by the whole world. *Mind you business, put by a cent a day, and never borrow ;* and you will in time become a rich man.

To be wise, it is only necessary to *reflect on what you see.* The mere sight of things amounts to nothing ; a fool may go round the world, and come back a fool at last, because he has no reflection. One man learns more from a mole-hill than another does from a mountain. When gazing at a cookshop will satisfy your hunger, and looking on a fountain assuage your thirst, then, and not till then, will you become wise by seeing many things. The body is strengthened not by the food it eats, but by the portion of it which it digests ; and we become wise, not by what we see, but by our reflections on the things

around us. *Reflect on what you see, and you must become wise.*

If happiness consists in large possessions, reputation, and a good table, I have told you how to procure them, for the rich are sure to have large possessions, and large possessions secure a good table, and will generally purchase reputation. All that you have to do, therefore, is to enjoy them when you have got them; so that if you follow my advice, you cannot fail to be rich, and wise, and happy, after your own fashion. But, hark ye! I have been rich, and wise, and happy to, after this fashion, and have found, according to the old proverb, that "All is not gold that glitters." When a man has much property he is like a target, stuck up to be shot at. If he have ships, they may founder at sea. If he have houses, they may be burnt down; and if he have money in the funds, the funds may fall in

price. His bargains may turn out bad, and his servants may rob him, so that while a poor man will sleep soundly on a hard bed, he can get but little rest on a soft one. If a man, who has much, wants more, he is in want ; and a man in want must be poor, in the midst of his riches. Such is the uncertain tenure of riches, that the man who rolls along in his carriage to-day may be a beggar to-morrow in spite of every precaution. What then is the use of being rich, and wise, and happy, one moment, if you may be poor, and foolish, and unhappy the next ! Give me the riches, the wisdom, and the happiness, that will endure in death as well as in life, in eternity as well as in time.

I will speak plainly what I believe to be the truth, that there are no real riches but those that will endure forever ; no real wisdom which does not contemplate eternity ; and no real happiness

without a well-grounded hope of a better world. These are the riches, the wisdom, and the happiness which I recommend you to strive to obtain. Let others, if they will, be satisfied with a bag of money, a book-case, a badge of distinction, and a well-spread table ; but do not you be bribed by possessions which you must relinquish on this side the grave. Without the riches, and the wisdom, and the happiness of which I have spoken, you would be poor had you the wealth of the world in your possession, but with them you cannot fail to be richer than a Jew, wiser than Solon, and happier than a Prince.

A MORNING'S ADVICE.

Are these thy views? proceed, illustrious youth,
And virtue guard thee to the throne of truth! JOHNSON.

RISE early, and watch the rising sun as he flies abroad with wings of colored light to proclaim the glory of his Almighty Maker, and offer up your praise and prayer to the Giver of all good. Enter steadily and fearlessly on the duties of the day. Be determined that no trial shall overcome your patience, and no impediment conquer your perseverance. If your object be a good one, say, "I will attain it!" and no doubt your word will be fulfilled. If you cannot say, "I will," it is ten to one against your effecting your purpose.

Never be found without an object. Ask yourself how you can do the most good, and when you have decided, throw your soul into your purpose. Never do good to obtain praise ; this will be selling virtue at a price. Take a red-hot poker in your hand rather than a dishonest cent. Better be poisoned than perjured. Do no bad action to serve a good friend. Be indulgent to others' faults, but implacable to your own. Wage war with evil, and give no quarter. Die for the truth rather than live to uphold a lie. Never court needless danger, nor fly from a peril which duty imposes. Read good books, seek out good companions, attend to good counsels, and imitate good examples. Never give way to despondency. Does the sun shine ? rejoice. Is it covered with a cloud ? wait till the cloud has passed away. Roguery outruns Honesty, but he is soon out of breath, and Honesty overtakes and passes

by him. No folly is greater than that of fancying yourself to be wise. Never go to bed till you are wiser than you were when you rose ; for observation, experience and reflection, the elements of wisdom, are the property of all who like to enjoy them. Be just in all things, for a heavy spirit is an intolerable burden, and an accusing conscience a bad bedfellow. Would you wear good shoes, walk nimbly in the path of duty. Before you begin a thing, ask if it be worth doing. Admire an oak-tree, but waste not your time in counting its leaves. The man depends on the boy ; the peace of to-morrow on the actions of to-day. Sigh not over a trodden flower, nor throw away your sympathy when there is so much misery in the world to require it. Lose your head rather than your integrity. It is said to be better to be noble, than to be born so ; and depend upon it, the saying is true. A crown of

gold on the outside of the head, will not make amends for a lack of understanding within it. He who exchanges his own good opinion for that of others makes a miserable bargain. Visit the abodes of the poor and the avenues of thy own heart. It is better to walk with thine own feet than to ride in another's carriage. Many bow submissively to God's decrees so long as they prosper, who rebel against them when they are visited with adversity. He who is thankful for a morsel of bread does well; he who is thankful when he has no bread to eat, does better. Never pass by a vice in thyself nor a virtue in another. He who would be honest must be industrious. He who would live cheaply, must live at his own cost, for the dearest dinner is that which is spread on another's table. In thy estimate of life, forget not death: in counting the treasures of time, remember eternity. Better to do one

good deed than to imagine a thousand. Despise no one, for every one knows something which thou knowest not not. Compare thyself frequently with what thou hast been. Wear thy old coat till thou canst pay for a new one. Bear with the infirmities of parents, for they have borne with thine. Others may think ill or well of thee; what dost thou think of thyself? Night is the time for self-examination. The strongest armor is worn inside the bosom. Plant no thorns in thy dying pillow. Look on heaven as thy home, and on every day as a stage of thy journey thither.

VARIETY.

Yon summer clouds, now like the Alps, and now
A ship, a whale, change not so fast as thou.

ROGERS.

THERE is nothing like change—nothing like variety. Look about you, and see if any two things are alike. No, that they are not; and what is more, they never will be. The sun may rise and set one day much in the same manner as in another; but there is an abundant variety round about him. One day he rises through a clear blue sky; the next he forces his way through clustering and painted clouds: on the third he is hidden in storms, and pours his glory through an opening in the darkened heavens.

Then again, the variety of his declining strength : at one time he is seen dull and dim, like a red moon in the foggy atmosphere ; at another, glittering with beams of insupportable brightness. Regard the variety of the ever-changing clouds, in color, form, and magnitude ; a moving panorama of matchless beauty, full of softness, sweetness and harmony. Sometimes, when I look above me, the clouds shadow forth strange things to my imagination : now I seem to see rocks and mountains, a lake of glass, or an ocean of molten gold.

As it is with the heavens, so it is with the earth : though the rocks and mountains be immoveable—though the trees be rooted to the ground—though temples, palaces, and cottages are fixtures on the earth, with what vast variety are they encircled. Morning and evening, sunshine and shade, quietude and tempest, alter

their appearance, and change gives them a new creation, clothing them with terror or adorning them with beauty. At different seasons the mountains are green with vegetation, and clad in snow ; the trees are dressed in luxurious verdure, or blasted and bare : and the habitations of men are at times the abodes of light, of love, of peace, and of joy ; and at others the dens of darkness, of hatred, of discord, and of death. All is change, all variety. Even if things were the same, we regard them under different emotions of mind ; and want and abundance, ease and pain, joy and sorrow, make almost as great a difference in the things we gaze on as the changing seasons.

We all require change. To look continually on the blazing sun, would blind us ; to sit forever in darkness, would drive us to despair. A palace would be a dungeon, were we confined within it, and venison and turtle become nause-

ous if they were our only food. Change we must have: I could laugh at him who did nothing but weep, and weep for the unhappy being who did nothing but laugh. There is a time to do both. But having said so much about change, it is time that I should change my subject, for there is nothing like variety.

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SCHOOL DAYS.

Remember, whate'er be thy sorrow and joy,
That the peace of old age all depends on the boy.

THE man who remembers not his boyhood, the time which he passed at school, must indeed have a wretched memory. These things are graven on the heart, as well as impressed on the brain ; we may forget a thousand things, but we never forget them. The haunts of our boyhood form a fairy land, over which we love to roam. Here grows a tree that we planted, there stands a hut which we helped to build, and yonder is the green on which we gaily gamboled. The

proud importance of the man can never blot from his memory the pleasures of the boy.

Though he gazes around him, before and behind,
Not a sight can he see, not a joy can he find,
As he rides in his carriage, or feasts in his hall,
Like his kite and his peg-top, his hoop and his ball.

There is nothing in after-life like the fresh feelings of boyhood ; therefore, enjoy them while you have them. Take the lead among your school-fellows ; be the first at play and the best at study ; why should you not be so ? I talk enough on all subjects, but on the subject of my childhood and my youth I could talk forever. Remember my son, that in the midst of all the hopes you may encourage, the projects you may form, and the desires that forever are rising in your youthful bosom, if you do not make the principles of virtue your foundation, all your castle-building will crumble into ruins. I had rather depend on a spider's thread in a storm, than on

the expectation of him who fosters vice and despises virtue. Experience has whispered it, spoken it, and proclaimed it aloud, that the vicious shall not prosper ; and the words of Holy Writ are, "*There is no peace to the wicked.*" Be not deceived by the wealth, the popularity, and the glittering gewgaws of the unworthy. If the hope be not bright, and the heart at ease ; if the pillow be stuck with thorns, and the fair feature be overshadowed with clouds, all the rest is as nothing : thousands of gold and silver will not lull a guilty conscience to sleep. Be vicious, and you cannot be happy ; be virtuous, and I defy you to be miserable. Be not satisfied then with digging your little garden, and in sowing seeds there, but cultivate your heart and your head at the same time ; for the seeds which you sow there shall spring up, and blossom, and bloom, when you are a man. Let your early

habits be those of looking above for direction, and diligently applying the faculties of your body, soul, and spirit, to worthy ends. When I was a boy, I did many things that I would now, if I could, blot out with my tears ; and I did, also, other things which I would not have undone for all the gold in the Bank of England. If you only knew, now, a few of the things which you will know by and by ; if you could only see the value of what is attainable in youth, you would increase your industry, double your knowledge, and become ten times more wise than you are now. All the great and good men in the world have been boys, and why should not all boys become great and good men ? Come, try what you can do, and then I shall not talk for nothing. I know very well that all boys are not alike : one is a fast runner, another a good jumper, and a third shoots well with a bow and arrow.

Again, one has a good memory, another a quick perception, and a third an excellent understanding; nor would I discourage any boy who has not natural abilities equal to those of his school-fellows. All that I want you to do is, to do your best; and if you do that, depend upon it you will do well. Never be discouraged by difficulties, for great things have been done under great disadvantages.

Sir Richard Arkwright was once a poor barber, but by industry, perseverance and ingenuity, he became a distinguished machinist. Captain Cook was a poor cabin-boy in the coal trade, but he became one of the first sea captains, and sailed round the world. Nicholas Saunderson went stone-blind when only one year old, but blind as he was, he persevered in his studies, and became a professor of mathematics in the university of Cambridge, and a fellow of the

Royal Society, eminent for science and general knowledge. And shall a poor cabin-lad, a barber, and a blind boy, work their way through the world, and attain riches and reputation, while you are twisting your thumbs and fingers together, or sauntering about with your hands in your pockets? No! no! this will never do. Remember, my son, there was a time when you could not walk, but by practice and perseverance you have learned to run. There was a time when I could not speak, and now, you hear that I can talk fast enough on all subjects. I dare say that you have read of Demosthenes, who, in his early days, was a sad stammerer, but by patience and perseverance he became one of the first orators of Greece; so you see what illustrious examples you have before you to imitate. When I was a boy, there grew an ash-tree near the school, which neither I nor any of my school-

fellows could climb. The stem was so thick and smooth, and had such a provoking knob upon it, that none of us could ever succeed in climbing up it. Now, it was my ambition to be able to climb this tree. Day after day I made the attempt, day after day I got up as high as the knob, and day after day I slid down again without effecting my purpose. But did I sit down and cry at the foot of the tree, think you ! Oh, no ! I kept up the practice of doing my best, until at last I got past the knob, and climbed the tree with ease. All this I kept to myself, until one day, when we had a half day's holiday, some of my schoolfellows again attempted to climb the ash-tree. One after another tried, and one after another gave up the enterprise. At last, Radnor, the biggest boy in the school, pressed through the throng : "See what a man can do !" said he, throwing off his jacket, and advancing to the

tree with the determination to climb it; with much difficulty he got up to the knob, which was about ten feet from the ground, but in spite of every effort he could get no farther. At last, being quite exhausted, he slipped down all at once, and many of us thought he must be half killed, but this was not the case. No one else attempted the feat, and old Norburry, the blacksmith, who had been standing near looking at us, with his face as black as it could well be, and his leathern apron reaching down to his toes, shook his head, and told us we were fine fellows, but that if we did not get on with our books a good deal faster than we got up the ash-tree, we should none of us be philosophers. I then pulled off my jacket and climbed the ash-tree like a squirrel, to the astonishment of all. Old Norburry slunk away, saying as he went, "That lad, whatever he sets about, will always be at

the top of the tree, take my word for it.” You cannot think how this affair raised me in the opinion of my schoolfellows. Ever after that, whenever I met with a difficulty, I thought of the knob on the ash-tree, and resolved to overcome it. The words of old Norburry followed me, and I determined to be, as he said, “at the top of the tree” in everything. I could go on talking about my school days till I wearied you, but that would be throwing words away. Make up your mind to be industrious, and wise, and virtuous, and be “at the top of the tree” in all your undertakings, remembering that,

What you will be, when age is impress'd on your brow,
May be seen at a distance by what you are now.

Aim at objects worth attaining while you are young, and your school days will be a foundation on which you will build the prosperity of manhood, and the comfort of old age.

SLANDER.

Receive not Slander ; hateful hag !
Her deeds are dark and dire ;
Her hateful tongue, a full yard long,
Would set the house on fire.

AMONG the whole range of bad qualities that disfigure the conduct of young and old, there is not one more common than slander. It is as though youth, manhood, and old age had entered into a compact, that however they might differ in other respects, they would agree in the practice of spreading, as wide as possible, every evil report which came to their knowledge. The canker-worm of slander often hides itself beneath

the bloom of youth ; and clings to the decayed energies of old age. It is a leprosy that cleaves to all mankind ; and where you can show me one who would willingly arrest the progress of an evil report, I will undertake to show you five hundred who would, more willingly, spread it as wide as winds can blow.

Now, though you may admit that slander is hateful, and mean, and contemptible, you may not be so ready to admit that you practice it every week, if not every day, of your life, and yet I have very little doubt that such is the case.

That pleasure must be a guilty one, which is purchased at the expense of another's peace, and the pleasures of the slanderer are all of this description. What is it to you, or to me, whether or not Mary lost her place by dishonesty ? or whether Mr. Stokes, in Market street, has, or has not, paid his butcher's bill for the last year ?

Let us leave Mary, and Mr. Stokes alone, and mind our own affairs ; for if we spread these, or any other evil reports, without knowing them to be true, we are acting the part of a slanderer.

Joseph Walters was as fine a lad as ever followed the plough, and had done his duty to Farmer Buswell ever since he had been hired by him. Unluckily, Squire Green had lost a turkey, which had been stolen from one of his barns. In a few days it was spread all through the village that Joseph Walters had stolen the squire's fattest turkey. Farmer Buswell, vexed at the report, was determined to get to the bottom of it. Mason, the wheelwright, to whom the farmer first applied, said that he had heard say that Walters had stolen two turkeys ; but, however that might be, Potter, the shoemaker, had seen him come out of the squire's barn with a turkey under his arm. Away went the farmer

to Potter, who stated that Mason had quite mistaken the matter. Lucy Price, the washerwoman, had told him that Walters was seen coming out of the squire's barn, but whether he had a turkey under his arm or not, he could not tell.

The honest farmer next trudged to Lucy Price. "How folks are given to scandalizing," cried Lucy; "why, every word that I said was, that Walters was seen to go into the barn; Jack Jones, the miller's son, told me so yesterday." Buswell, almost out of patience, next sallied out in quest of the miller's hopeful son, Jack Jones, who denied the report altogether. He said he told Lucy Price, who was a prating hussy for her pains, that Tim Turton, the blacksmith's apprentice, had seen Walters near the squire's barn; but as to his going into it, he had never heard a word about the matter. The blacksmith's apprentice was next applied to, who

declared that it was a downright falsehood. He told Jack Jones that Bob Boughton, Walters' fellow servant, had seen Walters go in the direction of the barn, and that was all he knew about it.

Farmer Buswell, after going such a round to so little purpose, was glad to get home again ; but on questioning Bob Boughton as to what he had reported abroad, "Master," replied Bob, "what I said to Tim Turton was this, that Joseph Walters was as honest a lad as ever wore a frock, and that to my certain knowledge he had never been even in the direction of the squire's barn the whole of the day on which the turkey was stolen, for that I had been at work with him in the same field from morning to night."

"Odds bobbins!" cried the honest farmer, "if I could not find it in my heart to horsewhip half the folks in the parish! And so, here is an

honest lad to lose his character, because folks who have no hearts in their bosoms cannot keep their long slanderous tongues between their teeth! If one-half of them had the honesty of Joseph Walters they would be ashamed to rob a poor lad of his reputation."

Whether the honest farmer mentioned this circumstance to his minister or not, I cannot tell, but certain it is, that on the next Sunday morning, an excellent sermon was preached in the parish church from the words, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

EMULATION.

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul—
The mind 's the standard of the man.

WATTS.

TRY to excel all your companions, but do it in a good spirit. The reason why there are so many blockheads in the world is, because, when boys, they were too idle to improve. If you wish to be a good man, a great man, a wise man, or a clever man, you must begin while you are

a boy, or you will never begin at all. Let the minutest thing you do be done well.

If I were a cobbler, I'd make it my pride
The best of all cobblers to be;
And if I were a tinker, no tinker beside
Should mend an old kettle like me.

Whether you are short or tall, thin or fat, ordinary or handsome, is not so much as a feather in the scale: I am not recommending you to decorate your body, but your mind—the immortal part of you. Try, then, to excel. Leave it to others to comb up their hair with their hands, and to dispose their pretty curling locks as it may please them; while they adorn the outside of their heads, you be careful to adorn the inside of yours.

When I was a schoolboy, an honest farmer came to see two of my schoolfellows, who were brothers, but they were at the moment absent. “Which is the taller of the two now?” inquired

the farmer, “for I have not seen them for many a long day: which is the taller, John or Thomas?”—“Oh,” said our schoolmaster, “John is full a head and shoulders taller than his brother.” Soon after this the boys made their appearance, when the farmer was surprised to see that John was a puny little fellow, while Thomas, a long, lean, lanky, lad, carried his head a foot higher than his brother. “I thought,” said the farmer, “that you said John was the taller; why, he is but a dwarf compared to his brother, who holds up his head like a grenadier!”—“Yes, yes,” replied our schoolmaster, “but we regard boys’ heads just as you do ears of corn; we value most, not those which run up the highest in the air, but those which have the most in them. When I said John was a head and shoulders taller than his brother, I spoke of his ability: a schoolmaster measures his schol-

ars, not by their bodies, but by their minds.”—“You are right, Mr. Schoolmaster,” said the honest farmer; and for the future, when I measure a lad, it shall be by your standard.”

Now, I want you not only to excel your companions in your attainments, but also in the manner in which you apply them; for good attainments may be put to bad purposes. If you give a sixpence to a drunken fellow, you encourage crime; if you bestow it on a poor, honest, sober, hard-working man, you relieve distress and increase his power to be industrious; and, in like manner, you may use your attainments to do good or evil.

What boy would be the lowest of the class in school, or the last in the race on the play-ground? I do not expect every boy to read, write, and cast accounts equally well. No; that is out of the question: but still, boys might do much bet-

ter than they do in general. Would I be drawing out a lesson, as if the words were glued to the roof of my mouth ? or crawling along on an errand, as though the soles of my shoes were made of lead ? No ; let life and spirit be thrown into your pursuits ; make the best attainments, put them to the best purposes, and apply them in the best manner.

I could give you more good advice, my son, on this subject in an hour than you could reduce to practice in a year ; but if you turn to a good account what I have already given, you will never allow your schoolfellows or playmates to outrun you in any useful or virtuous undertakings. To be clever is a good thing, to be wise is a better thing, but to be good is the best thing of all. Do, then, try to excel in attainments, and wisdom, and especially in virtue.

HALF A DOZEN THINGS.

“ In the days of my youth,” Father William replied,
“ I remembered that youth could not last ;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I might never grieve for the past.”

SOUTHEY.

HAVING ten minutes to spare, I may as well, William, fill up the time in saying something ; let me give you a little good advice. Advice is very like a dose of physic, for it is a thing much more pleasant to give than to take ; but as, on the present occasion, I have nothing at all to do with the taking of it, I will not trouble my head farther about the matter than merely to observe that good advice is not only the cheapest, but

also one of the most valuable commodities in the world.

Have a care, my boy, of your education ; see that your principles and your practice are equal to your attainments.

The ship that carries great sail, and little cargo and ballast, may scud along bravely in fair weather ; but in foul, she is soon seen with her keel uppermost.

Mind your manners. Those are the best manners which raise you in the opinion of others, without sinking you in your own. A poor widow woman once fell down and sprained her ankle, so that she could not walk, and a crowd soon gathered around her. One polite person pitied her ; another promised to make her case known ; when a plain, modest-looking man stepped forward, paid for a coach to carry her to her habitation, slipped a piece of money into her

hand, and disappeared. One kind act done with simplicity is worth a thousand fine speeches, though accompanied with all the politeness of a dancing master.

Defile not your tongue with a slander. Wilkins would not for the world have told an untruth to injure another; but if any one else would take the trouble to tell an untruth, Wilkins was the first, and the most industrious, to spread it abroad. Anything which he had *heard said*, or that had been *whispered*, or that there was *some reason to suppose*, was circulated by him without scruple. You may not have raised a slander on purpose to do mischief; but have you never spread an evil report of another, without being confident of its truth? If you have, you are a slanderer.

Beware of flattery, for it excites the imagination, and poisons the judgment. Poor Simons

was accidentally told that he was a very clever fellow : this he bore. Unfortunately, his friends made the same observation : this was as much as he could bear. At last his inflated brain told him that this opinion must be true ; and from that day forward he became a fool. To be flattered by strangers is bad ; to be flattered by friends is much worse ; but to be flattered by ourselves is certainly the worst of all.

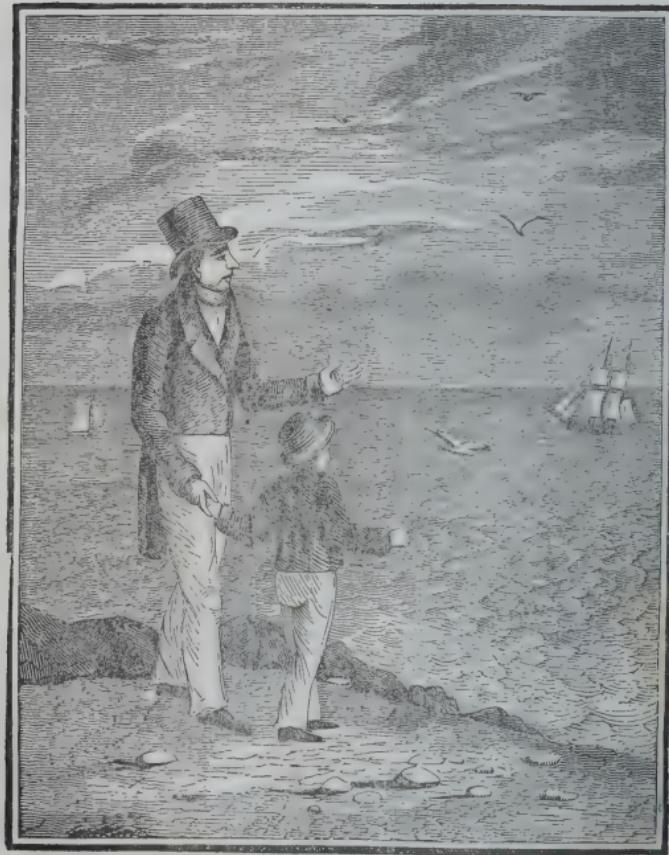
While you are young, avoid cruelty. You would not tear away the wing of a swan ; why should you tear that of a butterfly ? You would not run a spike through a spaniel dog ; why should you run one through a beetle ? You would not rob a house ; why should you pilfer the nest of a poor bird. Show me a cruel boy, and I will show you one who will be a hard-hearted man. Whether the object of your cru-

elty be great or small—whether it be an insect, a bird, an animal, or a human being, it is of little consequence; only that cruelty is more mean when practised against the weak and defenceless, than against the strong and powerful. The boy who is ignorant may be pitied; he who is thoughtless may be pardoned; but he who is cruel ought to be despised.

Hard as the lesson may be, learn to practise forgiveness. We can envy and hate one another—we can injure, forsake, and despise one another; but it is indeed a hard thing to forgive one another. Many say, “I will forgive it, but I will never forget it;” by which saying it is clear that they desire the credit of possessing the virtue of forgiveness, without putting it in practice. How noble was the observation of the archbishop of Paris, in referring to a wrong which had been

done to him—"If I must remember it," said he, "it shall only be as another of the injuries which I am bound to forgive."

Forgive, when injuries around thee roll,
Howe'er thy peace be riven ;
Forgive, with all thy heart and soul,
If thou would'st be forgiven.



WILLIAM AND HIS FATHER BY THE SEA SHORE.

A RAMBLING CHAPTER.

Know then this truth, enough for man to know,
Virtue alone is happiness below.

POPE.

I WILL tell you what I would do if I were a boy. I would sit down and reflect what would be the most valuable attainments in the world. After finding out what they were, I would ask myself which will be the best method to attain them? and after I had answered this question, I would lose no time in pursuing them. The little boy who follows this advice, cannot fail to become a great man.

The error of youth is that of thinking itself as wise as age ; and the error of age is that of expecting youth to act as prudently as though it had received the benefit of experience. As you are young, try to avoid them both.

An idle man ought not to complain of any one who robs him, since he himself sets the example. He robs himself of much more by his idleness than a thief can take from him. The drunkard ought not to take it to heart, even though a man should poison him ; what he gives to himself takes away the use of his limbs, and deprives him of the use of his reason ; what can poison do more ! Idleness and intemperance have led millions to destruction, let them not add you to the number. Always have a good object in view. It should be the object of a child, to become a good boy ; the endeavor of a boy, to become a good man ; and the determination of a

man, to be a model of wisdom and virtue in his old age. Childhood, youth, manhood, and old age, every day they live on earth, should try to get nearer to heaven.

If you cannot talk so fast as I can, learn, at least, to think as correctly: and make amends for your want of good words, by an abundance of good desires and benevolent deeds. Some are more eloquent in their silence, than others are in their speech. The eloquence of the tongue is excellent, but it is nothing when compared to the eloquence of the heart.

Open your eyes wide and you will see, not only how blindly others grope their way through the world, but also the wrong turnings which they take, and the quagmires which they fall into.

How careless, how reckless, how wilfully blind
In their journey through life are the most of mankind !
Each man takes the pathway that pleases him best,
To the north, or the south, to the east, or the west.

Pride, interest, and pleasure, exert their control,
And call forth the passion, and poison the soul ;
And folly, and fashion, and feeling impart
Their delusions to injure the head and the heart,

Now, if you can see these errors and still fall into them, however excellent you may imagine your eyesight to be, you must be blind in the head, blind in the heart, and blind all over.

Happy is he, who, in regretting his past indiscretions, can say, I never yet led a companion into evil. Let this happiness be yours.

If a boy by accident blacks his face, his comrades will perceive it before himself ; and if you have a bad quality in your disposition, you will be the last person in the world to discover it. It is necessary, not only to examine ourselves, but also to get others to examine us, if we would have clean faces, and minds free from infirmity.

If you wish to be happy, and to make others so, you must be virtuous ; for without virtue,

this world is worthless, and a better cannot be attained.

Let the wicked obtain all they wish for, and more,
Let them pile up their pleasures, and gaze on their store :
They will end at the last in a pall and a plume,
And the moth and the rust will their treasures consume.
Their wealth, and their wisdom, their pride and their power,
Will make themselves wings in a shadowy hour ;
Their heads and their hearts be defenceless and bare,
With no shield to protect them from wo and despair.

LAPLAND.

If you have a bad appetite, seat yourself in a Lapland sledge, and let the fleet reindeer scamper with you at his heels for a dozen hours, through the keen air and over the frozen snow.

EVERY climate has its peculiar animal, on which its inhabitants are very dependent. In America we have the horse ; in Asia they have the camel and the elephant. The llama ascends the mountains of South America ; the dog scampers over the dreary snows of Kamschatka, and the reindeer traverses the inhospitable regions of Lapland : without the reindeer, the comforts of civilized life could never be extended over

Lapland. The inhabitants of this dreary country may be divided into two classes, the one lives on the coast by fishing, the other wanders about during summer and winter. When summer arrives, the wandering Laplander is obliged to undertake the most extensive journeys to the coast for the preservation of his deer; for the interior parts of the country, and especially the boundless forests, are so infested with gnats and other insects, that no animal can escape their persecution. The inhabitants kindle large fires, in the smoke of which the poor animals hold their heads to free themselves from the innumerable insects which annoy them. The mountains being comparatively free from these insects, are sought by the Laplander as a protection for his reindeer.

Some Laplanders have herds of more than five hundred reindeer, others have not more than

fifty. In summer they make cheese for the year's consumption, and in winter they kill a sufficient number of deer to supply themselves with venison. It is an interesting sight to gaze on a herd of reindeer at the evening milking hour. They assemble around an encampment on the hills, when everything appears in motion. The dogs run to and fro, barking ; the reindeer toss up their antlered heads, and bound forwards towards the encampment. You never hear the sound of their feet on the ground, but the knee-joint gives a loud crack, so that when a whole herd are bounding along together, the crackling noise is very great. The maidens, with light hearts, go with their milk-vessels from one deer to another, singing, laughing, and, at times, playing with their favorite deer. The foot of the reindeer spreads wide when placed on the ground ; this prevents the animal from sinking

so deep in the snow, as he otherwise would do.

I have travelled through the greater part of Lapland, and my travels have convinced me of this truth, which I am for ever repeating, *there is no place in the world like America*. Had people nothing to do but to snow-ball one another, Lapland would be one of the finest countries under the canopy of heaven !

Travelling by sledge and reindeer is a capital mode of conveyance ; you go along at the rate of ten or fifteen miles an hour, and are never interrupted by a turnpike. In the palace of Drottningholm, Sweden, I remember seeing the portrait of a reindeer, which is said to have run a distance of eight hundred miles in forty-eight hours. Surely this is almost enough to tempt you to visit Lapland ! If you do go there, do not leave your gloves behind you, for I assure

you that you will not be able to keep your hands warm without them.

The last time that I travelled in a Lapland sledge, it was getting towards summer, and we were afraid of the gnats and the gad-flies. My face was thickly rubbed over with tar, to defend me from their stings, and my body so wrapped up in furs, that you might have taken me for a Spitzbergen bear. I was strapped down fast to my pulk, or sledge, and well it was for me that this was the case ; for, two or three times, my pulk was upset, and rolled over and over, the reindeer still driving forwards at a furious rate, leaving me to find my balance again as well as I could.

The Laplander, the Esquimaux, and the North American Indians, all hunt the wild reindeer, and many a time have I turned out with them on this

expedition, with a rifle, or a bow and arrow in my hand; but as the deer is taken by stealth and cunning, and not with speed, there is but little excitement in the chase. When I left Lapland I left it for ever.

ICELAND.

“ Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court,
And through his airy hall the loud misrule
Of driving tempest is for ever heard :
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath ;
Here arms his winds with all subduing frost,
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows.”

How should you like William to climb Mount Hecla, in Iceland, where the air is below freezing-point, and the earth is as hot as a baker’s oven. Never surely was such a confused concentration of opposite things found elsewhere as in Iceland,—at one spot you require to be clothed in fur, and will see nothing but ice and snow ; at another you will be scorched if you are dressed as lightly as a Caffre at the Cape of Good Hope.

Here you have mist and smoke, hail and snow, mingled with boiling springs and flames of fire ; and rocks of ice half covered with burning lava and smoking cinders. If you are fond of fireworks, it is the very place for you ; you will have enough of them to your heart's content. If you like skating, you may keep on your skates all the year round ; nor need you ever move about from one climate to another for the benefit of your health, for you have all the climates of the earth in one focus.

I have seen fifty mountains more picturesque than Mount Hecla ; nor is its height very considerable, being somewhat less than a mile from the level of the sea ; but its exposed situation renders it an object of greater attention than the mountains around. The territory near it has been so ravaged and desolated by succeeding

irruptions, that it is an inhospitable and abandoned desert.

No herbage is found for the space of five or six miles round ; though the soil once produced vegetation it is now covered over for the most part with lava and loose stones. Every now and then there are holes of all sizes ; some resemble draw-wells, and others, for ought I know, may be miles in depth. The rocks are mostly reduced to pumice-stone, and broken or cracked in every direction by subterranean fires. What adds to the difficulty of ascending Mount Hecla is the violent gusts of wind, which, if the traveller did not immediately fall on the earth for protection, might blow him against the rocks, or into an unfathomable hole, or from the edge of a precipice. It is often as light on the top of the mountain at midnight as at noon-day.

In short, every extreme is here to be met with ; as though the beautiful order of creation, which regulates the return of day and night, light and darkness, heat and cold, summer and winter, had been destroyed. Abrupt rocks, pointed cliffs, groups of fantastic hills, craters, lava, pumice-stones, ice, falls of water, lakes, mists, and clouds, are mingled together, and dread and wonder take possession of the mind.

It may be a good thing to be near Iceland, but I am decidedly of opinion that it is a much better thing to be at a great distance from it. I have no relish for the promenades of Mount Hecla, where you put one leg up to your knee in snow, and the other into a spring of boiling-water ; and where, when you open your mouth, you know not whether it will be filled with cold sleet or hot ashes.

When I ascended the three summits of Hec-

la, I looked about me. Sometimes the sun shone delightfully, and its golden rays were thrown back in all places by ten thousand reflecting rocks of ice and lava. At other times the gathering clouds rolled to my very feet, while I stood on a ridge not more than a yard wide, with a precipice of many hundred feet on each side of me. I had a strong desire to descend the craters, but it struck me, that though there could be no impediment in my way down, there might possibly be a difficulty in my getting up: whether I was right or wrong in my reasoning, I must leave to succeeding travellers to determine.

Though I have all my plans ready by me for the erection of a handsome country-house, I have not yet absolutely decided on the spot where it is to be built. However, though I do not know where the spot is to be, I know very well where it is not to be, for it shall never be on Mount Hecla.

A PUZZLING QUESTION.

Come riddle me right, thou ruddy-faced boy,
A question I put to thee :
As vast as the frame of this wonderful world,
And as deep as the fathomless sea.

“AND what, think you, is the noblest, and the most useful invention that ever presented itself to the mind of man?” This question was put to me by a watchmaker in Broadway, New York, while I stood talking with him on different subjects, and examining a watch which he had just repaired for me. The question was so vast, that it set my ideas afloat. I began to enumerate and amplify in my mind the splendid achieve-

ments of human intellect and ingenuity. I thought of languages, of printing, of the mariner's compass, of gravity, of the steam-engine, of the watch, the telescope, and the microscope, but no! none of these were allowed by the watchmaker to be proper answers, and he told me it was *a pair of spectacles*.

At first I laughed heartily at so singular an answer to so great a question; but was soon convinced, that a pair of spectacles communicates the faculties of youth to the wisdom of age, and enables a man to commit to posterity the experience of his whole life.

I will not absolutely say that the watchmaker was right, but I will say that I never thought so highly of a pair of spectacles before that time as I have done since; and that, for some very pleasant speculations on this and other matters, I am much indebted to my good friend the watchmaker.

THE FIRST VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

Ambitious, ardent hopes, and golden dreams,
Her towering madness, and her wild extremes,
Unfold this sacred truth to reason's eye—
That man was made for immortality.

H. Moore.

You must be fond of voyages and travels, because all young people are fond of them: let me, then, say a little about the first voyage round the world.

I would willingly give you an account of all the voyages made round the world, but that would occupy me a week; I will, therefore, give you a short account of the first voyage, and that

may, perhaps, induce you to get books and read the remainder. If you have read them all before, never mind that; I never yet heard of any mischief arising from a book being read twice over, when it was worth reading.

Columbus, a Genoese in the service of Spain, first conceived the possibility of sailing round the world. In his time, when a ship made a long voyage, it returned back in much the same track in which it had gone before; but Columbus considered, that a vessel might go right forward until it arrived at the place it sailed from, in the same way that a spider in crawling round the hoop which you bowl with, would, by going straight on, arrive at the point it started from. Columbus set sail, but he did not circumnavigate the world, though he discovered America. This was in the year 1492.

Between twenty and thirty years after this, Ferdinand Magellan, a Portuguese, applied to his own government for some recompense for the services he had rendered it, by his discoveries in the Indian seas. He, however, obtained no reward, and offered his services to Spain, which accepted them. Magellan fully believed that a passage might be found to the South Sea by some opening on the American coast, and that Columbus was right in his conjecture that the East Indies might be reached by sailing westerly. The Pope had granted to Spain any countries it might discover west of the Atlantic, and the discoverers were to receive a twentieth part of the profits arising from such territories, with other advantages.

Five ships were fitted out on this discovery, of which Magellan had the command. Provision, ammunition, and stores, were supplied, suf-
5*

ficient for two years, and the squadron left Se-ville, August 1st, 1519.

Magellan was a bold man, and an experienced sailor, and felt very sanguine of success. Those also, who were under his command were in high spirits, having no doubt about returning well laden with gold. Magellan had been a sailor from his early youth, and had no doubt, in his very boyhood, indulged in many an imaginary voyage. Our youthful propensities much influence our after years.

The boy may launch his little skiff,
With paper sails unfurled,
But when a man, he guides a ship,
And sails around the world.

Magellan steered for the Canary Isles ; re-freshed the vessels at Teneriffe ; passed the Cape de Verd Islands ; was detained by tedious calms off the coast of Africa ; and held on his

way till he arrived at a part of Brazil now called the Bay of St. Lucia.

If you have a good map by you of this part of the world, spread it before you on the table while you read my description, and as you trace the course of the ships, you will fancy yourselves to be in one of them. When Magellan goes ashore you will go with him ; and when he holds communication with the natives, you will imagine yourself by his side.

Magellan anchored at the mouth of a river, supposed to be the Rio de la Plata, where the copper-colored natives ran to the sea-shore to gaze on the ships, which they took to be monsters of the ocean, and on the boats, which they believed to be young ones of the same description. Provisions and refreshments were here obtained in abundance, and in other parts, fruits, sugar-canies, and precious stones. Two of the

islands at which they touched were so full of seals and penguins, that they might have laded a ship with them.

Passing on, Magellan and his party coasted along South America, examining all the rivers and bays they came to, if possible to effect a passage through. In April, 1520, they reached a large bay, since called St. Julian, and found the inhabitants on shore to be of a gigantic size. These were the Patagonians. You would be astonished at the strange antics usually played off by the simple natives who had never before seen Europeans. Everything which they see surprises them. The ships, the boats, the sailors and their clothes, excite their wonder, which they express in the liveliest manner, holding up their hands, laughing, and capering about in all sorts of attitudes. The first Patagonian they saw, was very tall, and strongly formed. His

hair was white ; his body painted yellow, with the figure of a stag's horn drawn on each of his cheeks. He had large circles round his eyes, was strangely clad with a skin like that of a camel, and a bow and arrows armed his hands.

As there was no other mode of talking with him but by signs, so of course they were greatly at a loss. The Patagonian, by pointing up to the heavens, appeared to ask if they came from that quarter ; and when he first cast his eyes on a looking-glass, he was so terrified that, in starting back, he felled two men to the ground, This Patagonian, encouraged by kind conduct, brought others to the ships. One of them ate a prodigious quantity of ship-biscuits, and drank a large bowl of water, at a meal.

A great difficulty attending a voyage of discovery is to keep the men in good humor. The leader of the party, encouraged by the great ad-

vantage he hopes to acquire, will brave greater dangers, and patiently endure severer hardships, than those who are to receive but a small part of the booty; and this Magellan found, to his cost; for a mutiny broke out against him, which was only quelled by hanging one of the captains, and leaving others on shore among the Patagonians.

Magellan's enterprising disposition will not excuse the act of injustice and inhospitality of which he was guilty among the Patagonians. He formed the design of forcibly detaining two of them on board his ship, that he might take them as curiosities to Spain. With this intent he offered them knives, beads and toys until their hands were full, and then presented some bright iron rings and shackles, which, as they could not lay hold of them, they permitted to be bound on their legs, mistaking them for ornaments. At first they were pleased with the

jingling sound of them, but when they saw themselves fettered, and betrayed, they struggled violently, and bellowed in a frightful manner. After this the natives attacked them, in their turn, when Magellan, in revenge, sent armed men to kill as many of them as they could. The Patagonians, however, retired into the country.

In August the squadron again sailed, when one ship was driven on shore by a violent gale ; the crew and cargo were saved. The crew of another ship afterwards rose against the Captain, Olivarez Misquitos, and compelled him to return to Europe. Magellan succeeded in finding a strait, or arm of the sea, which led, to his great joy, into the Pacific Ocean, or great South sea. If you look at your map you will find Magellan's Strait at the south end of South America. Magellan was the first European who sailed on that sea.

Most likely that was the happiest season of Magellan's life. It confirmed his judgment; it gratified his ambition; it rewarded his dangers and his toils.

“ And I have lov'd thee, Ocean ! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles onward : from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight ; and if the fresh'ning sea
Made them a terror—’twas a pleasing fear ;
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane, as I do here.”

Magellan would willingly have remained near the strait to refresh his men, but the natives on shore were much addicted to thieving. They took away everything they could lay hold of, and seized one of the boats. Magellan landed with ninety men, killed many of the natives, and set their houses on fire. He called the place the isles of thieves and robbers.

The ships sailed forward, and occasionally stopped at different places for refreshment. The king of Buthuan came on board Magellan's ship, and presented him with gold and spices, and received garments in return. The king was comely in person, of olive complexion, with long black hair. He had gold rings in his ears, and three on each finger; his head was covered with a veil of silk, and a garment of mingled silk and gold hung down to his knees: the handle of his dagger was of gold, and the wooden scabbard was finely carved. The natives sat cross-legged, and the lights they used were composed of the gum of a tree wrapped in the leaves of the palm-tree.

The opportunity of seeing the inhabitants of strange countries, constitutes one of the many pleasures of travelling abroad. Leaving Buthuan, the ships touched at the isles of Zeilon, Zu-

but, Messana, and Caleghan, and reached Lubut, where their great guns were fired, to the great consternation of the natives. Magellan persuaded the king and his principal subjects to embrace the Christian religion. The idols they had worshipped were destroyed, and crosses were set up in many places. Lubut is one of the Phillipine Islands; you will find the Phillipine Isles marked on your map a little above New Holland, and a pretty cluster of them there are. The Isle of Mathan, too, was visited. This isle was governed by two kings, one of whom refused to pay tribute to the King of Spain. Magellan was not a man to be trifled with. He immediately put himself at the head of sixty of his followers, wearing coats of mail and helmets. He was met by three bodies of the islanders, altogether about six thousand, armed with bows, arrows, darts and javelins. A pretty situation

for threescore men to be placed in! They fought bravely, but where is the wisdom of sixty men contending with six thousand? Magellan was wounded in the leg with a poisoned arrow, and his helmet beaten off his head with stones. He was wounded in the right arm, brought to the ground, and stabbed and speared through his head and body. Thus ended the life of the enterprising circumnavigator Magellan, before he had obtained the reward of his toils.

After the death of Magellan, such of the Spaniards as were on shore were invited to an entertainment, and all murdered during the repast, except Don Juan Serrano, for whom the natives hoped to get a large ransom; but the Spaniards sailed away and left their countryman behind, being afraid of the natives.

The Spaniards now chose new commanders, but the vessels being sadly out of repair, they

broke up one of them to repair the other two, and then proceeded on their course.

One principal object when Magellan left Spain, was to reach the Molucca Islands by a westerly course. The Spaniards, therefore, proceeded in quest of them. They touched at Chipper, Caghaian, Puloan, Borneo, Cimbubon, and a few other places, and then reached the Moluccas. The king of one of the principal isles was a Mahometan ; he received them in a very friendly manner.

The Moluccas were found to be rich in various productions ; melons, cloves, gourds, sugar-canes, ginger, rice, figs, almonds, pomegranates, and many other fruits were in great abundance, as well as poultry, sheep, and goats. When the Spaniards took their leave, many of the kings of the islands assembled in their canoes to conduct them to the Isle of Mare. One of the ships, be-

ing unable to proceed, was left behind, and the Vittoria alone, the remaining vessel, with forty-six Spaniards and thirteen Indians on board, set sail for Europe.

Who sails abroad around this mighty world,
Must be content to risk his life, his all ;
And if, at last, he prosperously returns,
He brings not with him those who sallied forth,
But a mere remnant of his comrades brave.

Their toils were not yet over, for being obliged to wait seven weeks for a wind to enable them to double the Cape of Good Hope, they were reduced to great distress. The pains of hunger and the pangs of sickness wasted them, and their number gradually diminished. Being afraid of falling into the hands of the Portuguese, they bore their sufferings, and sailed on for two months, during which time they lost more than twenty men.

Toil-worn and emaciated, they reached St. Yago. On going ashore, and mentioning their distress, the Portuguese behaved kindly to them; but on a second party landing, they took them all prisoners, and required those left in the vessel to give themselves up. Yuan Sebastian, the commander on board, demanded his men from the Portuguese, but in vain; suspecting foul play, he once more weighed anchor, and set sail, having only twenty-two men on board. On the 7th of September, 1522, they reached St. Lucar, with only about eighteen men. They had sailed 14,000 leagues, and six times crossed the equinoctial line; and they had been absent on their voyage three years, within fourteen days.

How sweet to rest in peace at last,
No more compell'd to roam !
A brief and backward glance to cast
Upon the billow and the blast ;
To know that all their pains were past,
And feel themselves at home !

Every survivor who had been employed in the expedition received a noble reward, and the whole amount of the valuable cargo was given up to them. The leaders who returned were highly honored; they had endured much, and had dearly earned the reward they obtained. A pension of five hundred ducats was granted to Yuan Sebastian for his life, with a patent of nobility. The emperor gave him for his arms, a terrestrial globe, with the motto, “Thou hast first surrounded me.” Sebastian and his companions were greatly estimated and honored by the whole Spanish nation, and the *Vittoria*, the ship they brought home with them, furnished a general subject for conversation.

This was the first voyage round the world. Since that time many enterprising travellers have completed the circuit of the earth, especially Captain Cook, who made three voyages, and

was at last unfortunately killed at one of the Sandwich Islands by the natives.

A boy may now take up a book of voyages, and sail round the world in safety, without fear of being shipwrecked on the deep, or being slain by the savage natives on the land. This method of going on a voyage is in some respects an excellent one ; for, as you sit by a snug fire with your book in your hand, and your map on the table, the roaring of the billows, the howling of wild beasts, and the wild war-cry of the savages, cannot hurt a hair of your head. With your feet on the fender, and your elbow resting on the table, you can catch your sharks, kill your buffaloes, carry on your traffic with the islanders, and load your vessel with gold and silver. Nor will such a voyage be without its advantages ; you will hear how others have endured hardships and overcome difficulties, and will feel less disposed

to shrink at trifling or imaginary trials. You will perceive what perseverance has accomplished, and be more determined in the prosecution of your designs. You will be convinced of the power and manifold advantages which knowledge bestows, and you will desire to know more, to undertake more, and to achieve more, for the good of your country and of mankind.



WILLIAM WITH HIS PARENTS.

MY SON WILLIAM.

The higher virtues must remain unknown to him who is a stranger to self-denial.

WALTER SCOTT.

You may be very steady, very diligent, and very clever. Your friends may think highly of you, and you may think highly of yourself. You may have done great things; you may be doing greater; and, for aught I know, you may intend to do the greatest of all. In short, I will take it for granted that you are a very surprising young man, and that, however much you may have astonished all around you, it is your intention to astonish them still more.

And now, let me ask you, not what you have done, but what you have withheld yourself from doing ? for sure I am, that all the good qualities and high attainments that fall to the lot of the most favored son of Adam, will never enable any one to be what he ought to be, unless he possesses the virtue of self-denial.

It is easy to ascend Mont Blanc, and to descend the grotto of Antiparos ; to storm a battery, and to swim across the Hellespont ; to measure the Pyramids, and to thunder in the senate. It is easy to do any, and all of these things, and a thousand others, when you fancy the whole world is looking on, or about to be informed of your wonderful achievements: but have you ever intentionally, willingly, cheerfully, debarred yourself, in the unheeded hours of private life, from what inclination was clamorous to attain ? Have you ever made a real sacrifice for the ben-

efit of another, unseen, unknown, and unsuspected? If you have not, a fig for good qualities and high attainments! You are a mere puppet, the strings of which are pulled by vanity, whose slave you are, and whose commands you obsequiously obey. Every deed you do has a price fixed to it. It is labelled, *worldly applause!*

Nine-tenths of the astounding exploits at which men lift up their hands, and elevate their eyes, and which they inscribe with a perishable immortality, are done through the love of fame—the quenchless thirst of human praise. Many are the statues which have been erected, the temples which have been builded, the inscriptions of gold which have been written to perpetuate the renown of great men who have done wonderful deeds; but where shall we look for statues, and temples, and inscriptions raised in honor of the greater men, who have debarred

themselves from doing what vanity and selfishness prompted ; repressed their passions ; made a sacrifice of their inclinations, and sought not their own welfare, but the welfare of their kind ? Have you ever made a real sacrifice ? Let the question be put by yourself to yourself : for he who can rise hungry from his dinner to give it to a famished beggar ; restrain his desire to do an evil deed, when it is in his power to effect it, and willingly assist others in attaining a reputation which he might himself secure, is more worthy of estimation than the hero who sits enthroned as a demigod for conquering half the world.

YOUTH.

To the haunts of his childhood, the scenes of his sport,

A wanderer came in the stillness of sorrow;

The magic of life's early vision to court,

And the sweetest of joys from remembrance to borrow

P. M. JAMES.

No! It will not, it cannot come again! The sun may shine, the spring may return; the sky may be as brightly blue, the flowers as fragrant and beautiful, and the bird may warble as wildly as he did in the days of our youth, but our youth will not again return. The same scenes produce not the same emotions. When our brows become furrowed with years, our hearts are fur-

rowed with cares, and if we smile at the scenes of our childhood it is not because they give us pleasure; we have a melancholy impression that a change has taken place within us, and we smile at the simplicity of that childhood which was ignorant enough to be happy. The crooked old tree, hollow and knotted, and covered with moss, is as much like the young oakling in all the freshness and greenness of its seven years' growth, as the feelings of a man are like those of a child.

I have not forgotten the feelings of my childhood, and though I can no longer enjoy them, I love to see them enjoyed by others. If I could talk ten times as fast as I do—but that is a thing utterly impossible to be done—I would urge you gratefully to enter into boyish pursuits. Be happy while you may! I would say to the youngest boy that ever stained his cheeks with

blackberries, make yourself a cap with the rushes by the brook-side ; ramble in the flowery meadow ; tumble about among the new-mown hay ; gather the flower in the morn, and the brown hazel-nut at mid-day ; stick the rose blossom in your bosom, and the white oak-ball in your hat ; throw your ball, beat your drum, bowl your hoop, spin your peg-top, and fly your kite ! Why should you not ? days are coming when you will have other things to attend to. Therefore, while you are young enjoy the pastimes of youth. Happiness is too costly a thing to be despised ; while you have few pains and many pleasures be innocently happy. I can never see a band of boys at play without stopping to gaze at them, and to mark in the brightness of their eyes the happiness of their hearts.

There is so little of the future care, and so much of the present gratification in a boy's coun-

tenance, when engaged in his pastimes, that it is a pleasant contrast to the thoughtful and prudential restraint of maturer years. There is a freshness of feeling, an eagerness of delight excited by trivial pursuits in the youthful breast.

A warm, an unsuspecting glow,
Which youthful bosoms only know ;
And if amid the sighs and tears
Of life's lone, dull, amassing years,
A gleam of light around us plays,
'Tis but the glance of earlier days,
That memory gives, mid grief and pain,
To make us happy once again.

Think not that I wish to paint the future in shadows, or to repine at the cares of manhood and old age. No! They are mingled with multiplied mercies, but there is nothing in them like the buoyant emotions of the heart in the seasons of childhood and youth, and therefore it is that I say be happy, my boy! be happy! I love to see a boy at his book, but I love, also, to see him

at play, with a light heart and ruddy cheek ; for, as I said at first, though the spring may return, the flowers bloom, and the birds sing, yet the season of youth will return no more.

DELAY.

Procrastination is the thief of time.

YOUNG.

WE all of us form most excellent resolutions, and most noble designs ; but then, our designs are seldom to be executed before to-morrow, and our good resolutions are frequently delayed till the day after. Now give me the boy who will set about a thing directly, not next year, nor next month, nor next week, nor next day, but this very hour. Depend upon it that the same reason which prevents you this hour from setting about

a thing on which you are resolved, will operate on you the next hour with equal force. There would be ten times as much knowledge acquired, and twenty times as much good done in the world, if people would but set about the one and the other directly.

On the coast of Cornwall, in England, there was, some years ago, a strip of land very useful to the adjoining town, but as the tide made some encroachments on it, it was considered necessary to erect an embankment to prevent the land being washed away by the incessant trespasses of the returning tide. All agreed that it ought to be done ; many that it must be done ; and some few determined that it should be done ; but not one soul among them decided that it should be done directly.

Every day the tide washed away a portion of the land, and every day the necessity of erecting

the embankment became more apparent, but still the work was not begun. Plans were formed about the best purposes to which the land could be applied, and many very excellent proposals were agreed to, but as the tide went to work directly, and as the good people did not go to work directly, so it happened that before the embankment was begun, the strip of land was washed every particle into the sea.

I could give you three hundred other examples to prove the wisdom of the old copy, which every boy has written in his copy-book, "Delays are dangerous;" but if you cannot profit by one good example, neither would you profit by three hundred.

AN IMPORTANT CHAPTER.

Oh ! argument for truth divine,
For study's cares, for virtue's strife ;
To know the enjoyment will be thine,
In that renewed, that endless life !

CRABBE.

I HAVE an object, my son, in most things which I say, and that object is your advantage. I like to be lively, but I can be grave when there is cause for gravity ; and that you may be convinced of this, I will ask if you ever, in the course of your life, devoted one single hour to the consideration of death ? You will say, "Ah, well ! we must all die !" and " We cannot expect to live here forever !" with a hundred other such

exclamations, which are forgotten again as soon as they are made ; but did you ever reflect seriously, deeply, and devotedly, on the subject of death ?

If you have never done so, it is high time that you should do so ; and I advise you to walk into a churchyard for that purpose the very first opportunity. I say, into a churchyard, because you are most likely there to be assisted by the objects around you. There you will be convinced of the vanity of all earthly things, and with the certainty that death will deprive you of them. Do you exult in your youth ? You will see the green hillocks of many who died younger than you are : the daisy has bloomed and faded over them. Is manhood the object of your desire ? The sepulchres of men will tell you that manhood is not exempt from mortality. Do you fancy that peace will be the allotment of

your age? The memorials of aged men will assure you, that "man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards;" and that "great tribulation" is the portion of the most worthy of mankind.

If you wish for riches, the carvings and gildings of the rich man's monument are disfigured with cobwebs, and mouldering away. If renown be the object of your ambition, the conqueror lies in stone, unnoticed, and his achievements are covered with the dust of death.

If, then, youth, manhood, and age must die—if riches, and honors, and worldly possessions must perish forever, how can you reflect on death without serious thought?

The young and the old, the rich and the poor, the wise man and the fool, the brave man and the coward, all shrink from death, because it takes away all which they possess. He alone who has hopes beyond the grave can reflect on death with

composure, with peace, and with joy. The Ptolemies, who have had temples erected to their memory ; the Caesars and Alexanders, whose fame has been spread in the earth, would, in the hour of death, have given all their conquests, their riches, and their renown, for the hope of the poor man, whose soul magnifies the Lord, and whose spirit rejoices in God his Savior.

How gladly would th' illustrious dead that lie
Inshrin'd in pomp, and pride, and pageantry,
Could they look back, and mark with thoughtful brow
'The littleness of all things here below,
How gladly would they, while with honest shame
They read the marble that extols their fame,
Erase the records where their praise is given,
And there inscribe an humble hope of heaven.

Get, then, this hope ; for rubies are as dust when compared with it. Ten thousand times ten thousand have been blinded by the golden dust of the earth, and millions upon millions have

been deceived by the perishable vanities of life : but be not you blinded ; be not you deceived so far as to grasp at the shadow of earthly good, and to lose the substantial hope of eternal life.

Go, I say, into the churchyard ! If I could, I would persuade you to go there ; for you will never seek in sincerity the fulness of heaven till you are convinced of the emptiness of earth. I am talking fast, but I am talking for your good. I am talking to myself as well as to you ; and I am talking, not for time only, but for eternity.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

We are in the hands of one that knows better what is good for us, than we know what is for ourselves.

WALTER SCOTT.

I WOULD not give a rush for his qualifications, be he old or young, who cannot endure a disappointment. There are a thousand disappointments in life with which we must expect to meet ; we should, then, be prepared for them. Bring up a boy in a band-box, and he will shake and shiver at the morning and evening breeze ; but if he has been brought up before the mast, and waged war with the bounding breakers, he

will flinch neither from the storm nor the tempest.

From our earliest youth we have lessons enough to instruct us to bear disappointments, and he who will not profit by them must take the consequences. The boy has his sixpenny drum, and the girl has her waxen doll, and nothing but pleasure is expected: why, before nightfall, the drum has a hole burst through the top of it, and the face of the doll is smashed to pieces.

The young folks are to go out visiting in the country, to Farmer Broomfield's where there will be green grass fields, young lambs at play, thick cream, delightful custards, and delicious cheese-cakes. The boy is dressed in his best blue jacket and white trowsers, and the girl in her new pink frock; the sun shines, the wheels of the chaise are already heard at the door, and

all is hope and happiness. A cloud comes over the bright sky—it sprinkles with rain. Sprinkles! why it pours; nay, now it is almost a storm! No Farmer Broomfield's—no running in the green fields among the frolicsome lambs—no cream, no custards, no cheese-cakes. The blue jacket and white trowsers are put off; the pink frock is exchanged, and all is dullness, darkness, and disappointment.

Now these are the seasonings of what is to follow; for as it is in childhood, so it is in youth, manhood, and old age—disappointments we shall have, and therefore, as I said before, let us be prepared for them.

The boy sends up his kite into the air, and launches his boat on the stream; but the kite is torn by the blast, and its tail is tangled in a tree, while the boat is upset in the running waters.

One man crosses the sea to South America,

that he may fill his pockets with gold-dust ; another remains at home, that he may find out perpetual motion and discover the philosopher's stone. He who went abroad returns home poor, resolved to roam no more ; while he who remained at home, disappointed in his experiments, is determined to go abroad. These are among the common-place, every-day disappointments of life.

A prosperous old man has money, friends, and a hearty constitution. His friends persuade him to embark his money in a profitable speculation, and his constitution promises to enable him enjoy for many years the wealth he will acquire. The speculation bursts like a bubble, his friends die one after another, and his constitution is broken down by grief and disappointment.

What a picture is here of childhood, youth, manhood and old age ! yet who can say that it

is not drawn from the life. Disappointment follows hope, as a shadow follows a substance ; and be assured it will follow you in every stage of your pilgrimage :

For sorrow's tear and rapture's ray,
Alas ! are closely mated ;
And disappointment drives away
The dream that hope created.

I could say a thousand things about disappointment, for disappointment has said a thousand things to me ; but my object is not to frighten ; no, it is to prepare you : therefore, again I say, from the little trials of childhood and youth learn to endure the greater disappointments of manhood and old age.

HOME.

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee. GOLDSMITH.

“**THERE**’s no place like home !” Thus sang a tattered, meagre, miserable looking wretch, as he limped on his wooden-leg along the street, with his hair uncombed. The whole of his toes were seen through his shoe and stocking, and the remaining part of the skirt of his coat threatened, with every wind that blew, to fall on the pavement.

“There’s no place like home,” he continued

singing, though all who gazed upon him for a moment, must have been satisfied that either he knew not what a home was, or that his present home must be very miserable. Yet still, for all this, the burden of his song was true ; nor is there a more correct sentiment in the world, than that which is so much hackneyed about in every highway and byway of this great nation, “There’s no place like home !”

Those who have travelled the most, are the most convinced of its truth. The farther you wander from home, the dearer will it become to you, and the more frequently will you sigh, “Home is home be it ever so homely.”

There is a melancholy luxury in retracing the paths we have trodden with pleasure, though the flowers which adorned them are withered away ; and even he who has no home, recalls to his affectionate remembrance the home he once enjoyed.

There are dear and delightful spots in this dear and delightful world, but none so dear and so delightful as home. The home of our riper years is rarely the home of our childhood, but it has many of the same associations clinging around it. It is our own, our very own, and unlike the home that we find in the house of a stranger. If thou art as poor as the beggar of Bethnal Green: if a cot, or a cabin be thy only habitation—

“ And some poor plot, with fruitage scantly stored,
Be all that heaven allots thee for thy board;
Drink from the brook, and herbs that scattered grow
Wild on the river’s brink or mountain’s brow,
Yet e’en that cheerless mansion shall provide
More heart’s repose, than all the world beside.”

I was walking in a musing mood at eventide, when the bright moon was glittering through the branches of the shadowy oak trees which over-

hung the pathway, when a voice struck upon my ear which arrested my attention, "We have no home now!" said the speaker, in a desponding tone: I was spell-bound to the spot. The speaker was a young female, who appeared by the light of the moon to be possessed of more than common beauty. She was recounting to a friend the death of her father and mother, and the dispersion of her family which had since taken place.

While she recounted her tale of sorrow, she lingered on the delights of home. She described the gatherings around the hearth, the happy groups that, year after year, had there assembled. She was evidently weeping at the dreary contrast which presented itself before her, yet still she painted the dear delights of by-gone days, and at last closed the moving recital with the melancholy ejaculation, "We have no home now!"

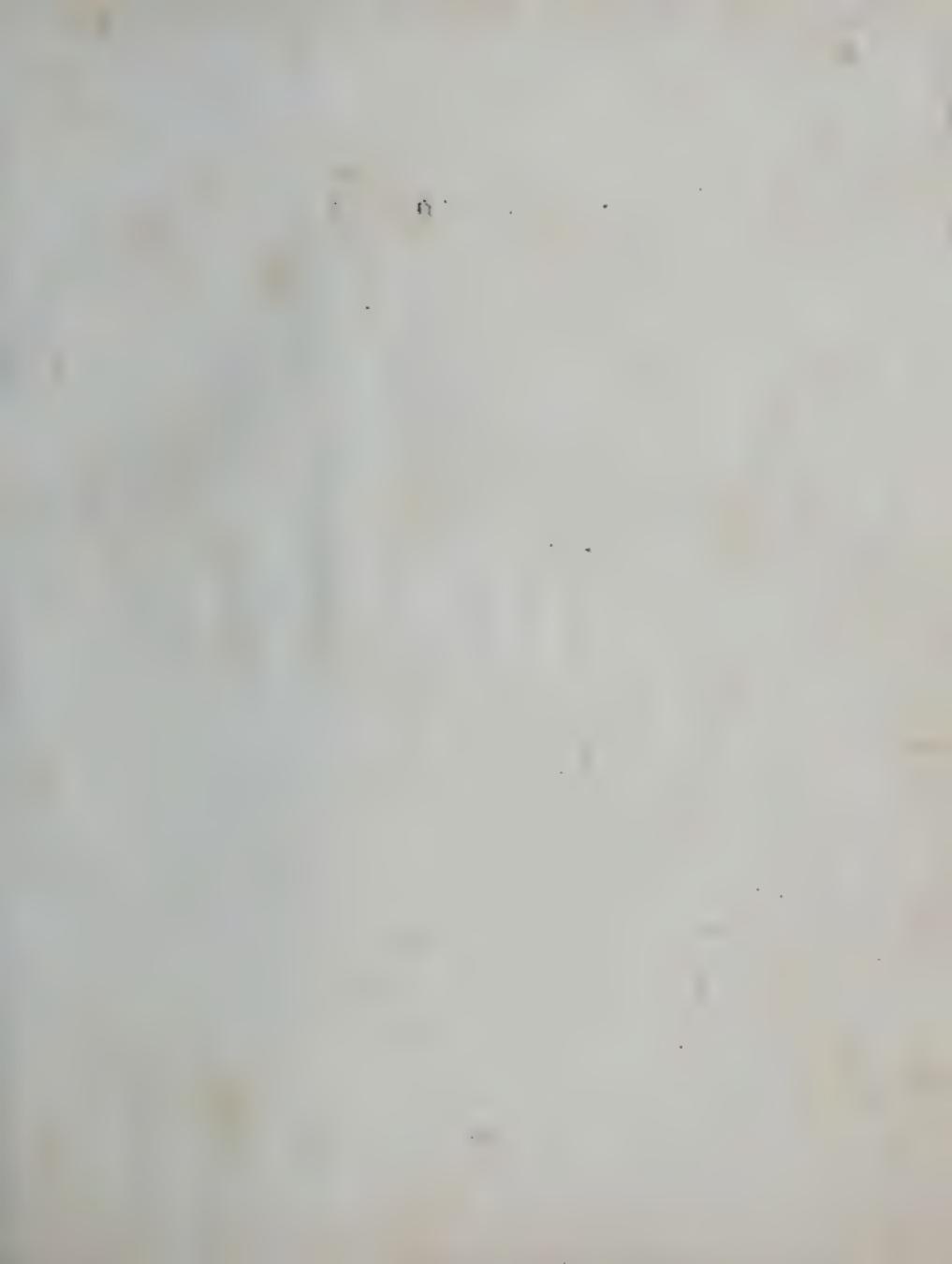
The words were plaintively spoken, and went, where such words do go, directly to the heart. I passed on as one that carries an arrow in his bosom, for the words lingered in my ear and oppressed my spirit.

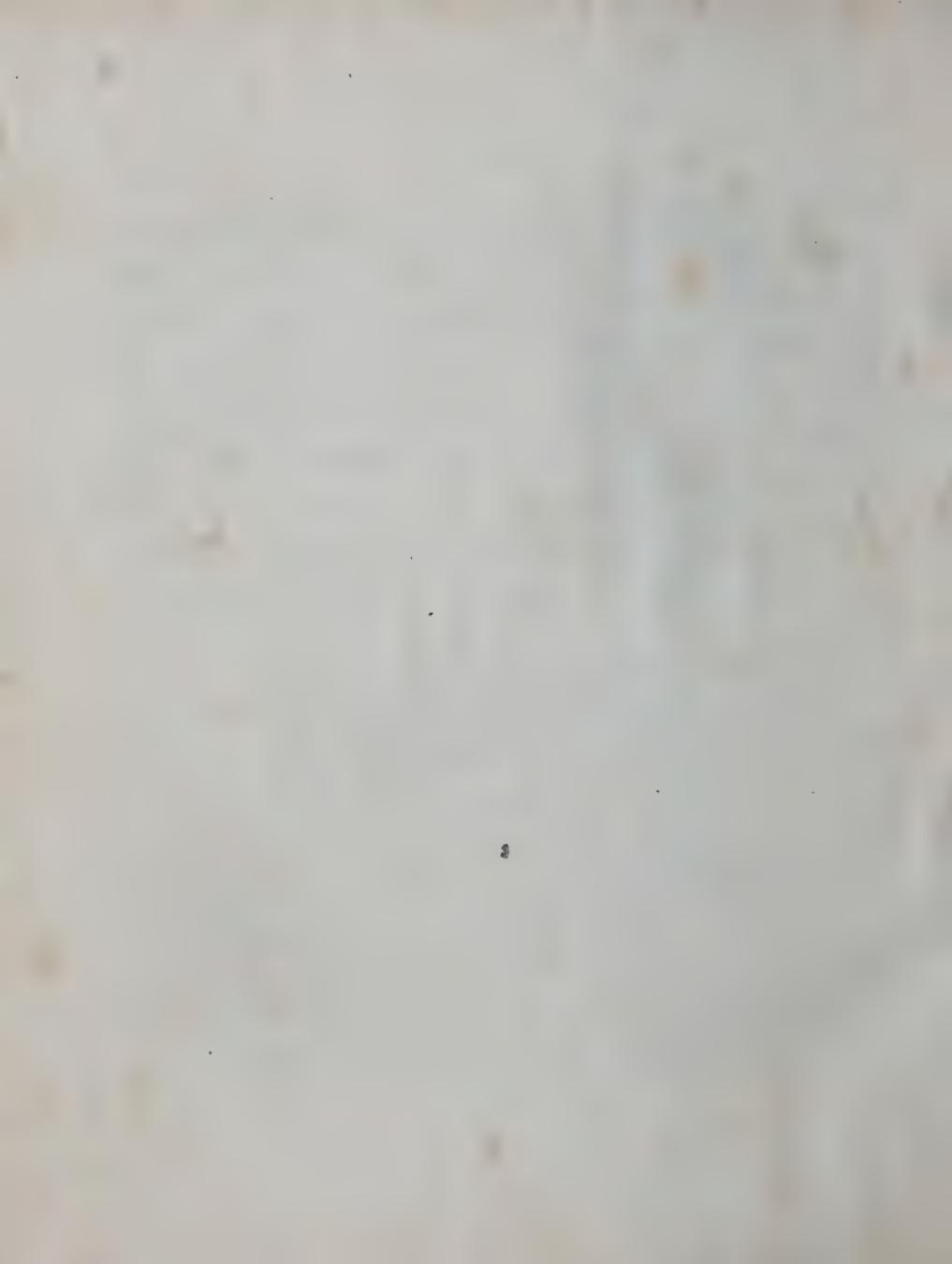
My son William, if you have a home at Woodland, be grateful, for there are beings enough in the world who once possessed a home as dear and as delightful as yours can be, who mournfully ejaculate in the bitterness of past enjoyments, and present deprivation, "We have no home now!"

I have thus given you, my son, these maxims, and I trust that you will be disposed to improve by them. And if a father's blessing and his prayers be worth your acceptance, you shall have them warm from his heart. May your

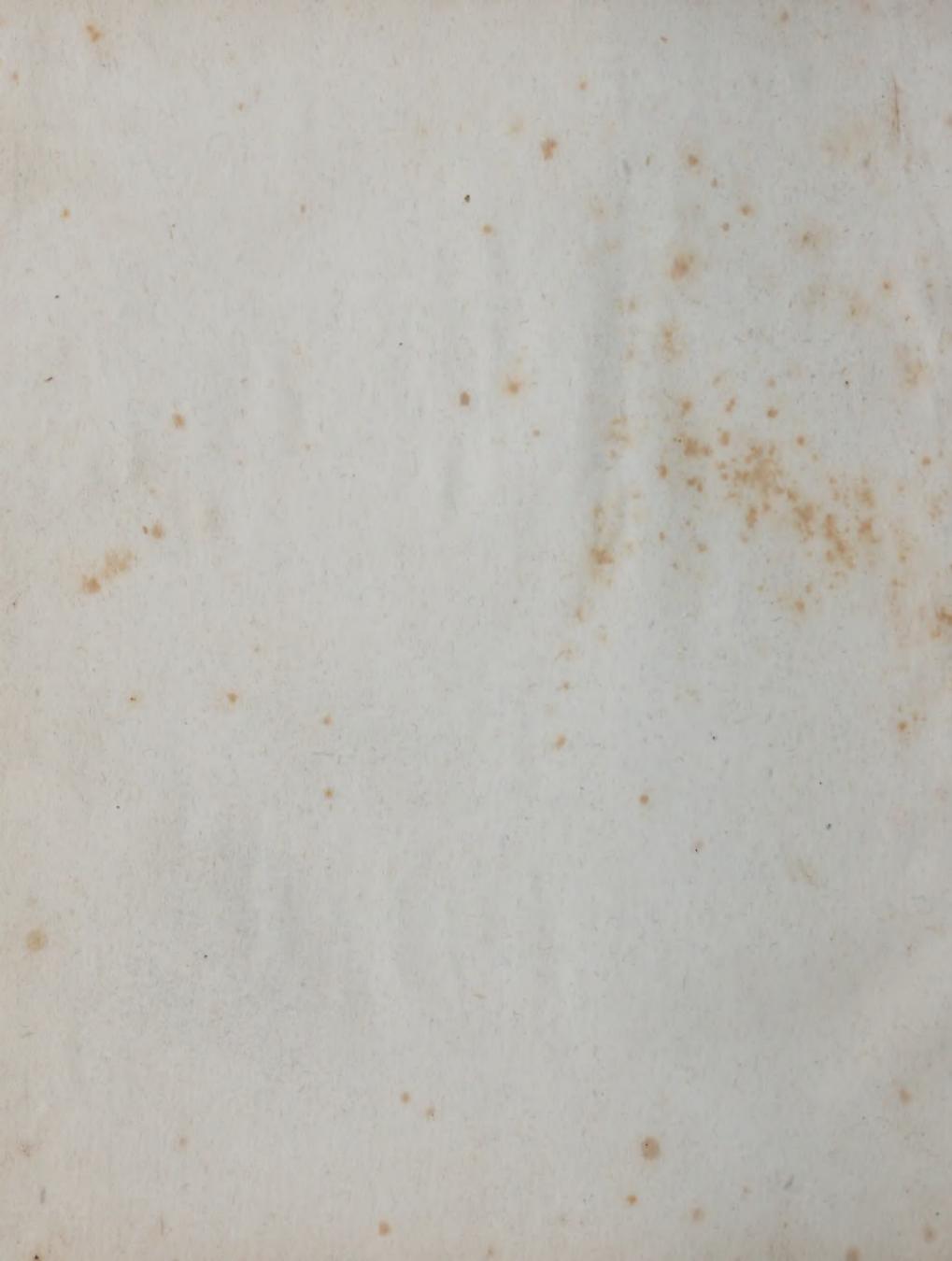
tears be few, and your smiles many, and peace and joy take up their abode in your heart: may your prospects be fair, a floweret bloom on every briar, and your darkest pathway on earth be lighted up with the hope of heaven. The wings of Time are more rapid than the lightning flash; the weal and wo of this world will soon be passed; keep your eyes and your heart, then, fixed on a better.

With girded loins and sandall'd feet,
Your staff within your hand,
Go, youthful pilgrim, on your way,
And find that better land.









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